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COWLEY

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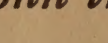

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of Subjects Missionary and Religious

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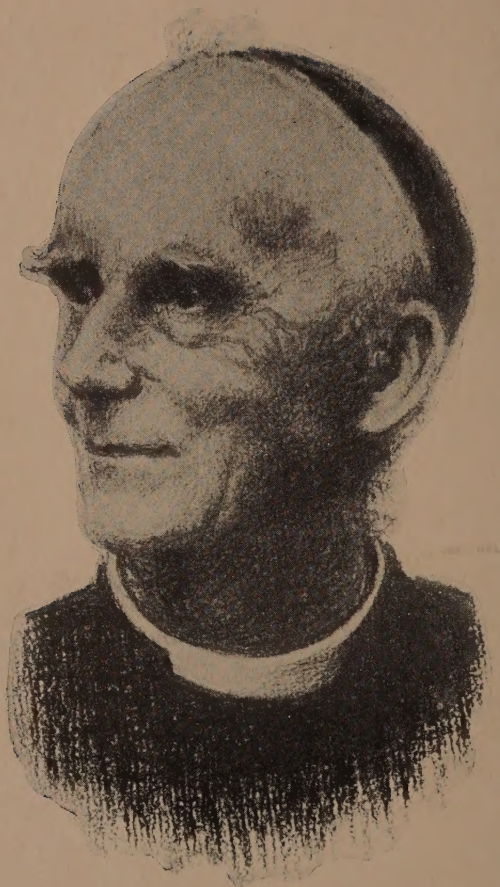

(After a charcoal drawing by H. P. Kimball)

ALBERT EDWARD TOVEY, S.S.J.E.
1855 - 1935

Cowley

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

of Subjects Missionary and Religious

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An Armistice Day Sermon*

"Take unto you the whole armour of God."—EPHESIANS vi. 13.

RUPERT Brooke wrote, I think, the most poignant poetry of the Great War. Because of what he was—one of the fairest, finest men of English stock—and because of what he did—giving his life in that great tragedy of the Gallipoli campaign—his verse rings down the years with almost unendurable pathos.

> *If I should die, think only this of me:*
> *That there's some corner of a foreign land*
> *That is for ever England.*†

Who can forget those lines?

His verse enshrines for us the best that can be said of war:

> *Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour.*
> *And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,*
> *With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,*
> *To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,*
> *Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,*
> *Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,*
> *And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,*
> *And all the little emptiness of love!*
>
> *Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,*
> *Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,*
> *Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;*
> *Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there*
> *But only agony, and that has ending;*
> *And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.*‡

* Preached by Father Hoffman, S.S.J.E., in the Church of St John the Evangelist, Boston, on November 11, 1934.

† *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*, 1914: V, The Soldier.

‡ *Ibid.*, 1914: I, Peace.

He, too, has written the greatest epitaph for those millions whom on Armistice Day we remember, with pride in their sacrifice, and shame that it was so largely made in vain:

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unshaped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
*And we have come into our heritage.**

No one who is not blind to all the values that make of life a noble thing, and raise it above the dull level of eating, drinking and sleeping, can deny that war has called out time and again the finest qualities our human nature can boast. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Again and again, through all the welter of dirt, and agony and blood, there shine out matchless examples of heroism, humility, self-sacrifice, honour, love to the uttermost which was fulfilled only in death.

And what was true of the individual in every nation and on every front, was true in measure of the nations themselves. We cannot forget the sense of fellowship and solidarity, the generosity, the zeal and sympathy and vitality that was called forth by the war even in America, where the war scarcely had time to set its mark of sacrifice deeply on the common life.

Even the pomp and outward circumstance of war, which it is the fashion nowadays to ridicule, can still set your blood tingling and make you suddenly square your shoulders and hold your head high. Changing the guard on the Mexican border, with a great mountain range as back-ground, etched against

* *Ibid.*, 1914: III, The Dead.

the sunset sky; a battalion marching through the silent streets of New York at dawn of a dark December day to a secret rendezvous with a transport; General Pershing, riding out to lunch across the great barracks square at Chaumont, while the band played, and a thousand men and officers of the headquarters staff stood at attention—those are a few personal memories which time cannot dim and which have not lost their ancient power to stir the blood.

But then—the other side. We cannot even imagine—those of us who were not there—the horrors of the salient at Ypres, or the grim plain of Paschandaele. Men, like you and me, herded in filthy holes below ground, scratching at lice, fighting with rats which scampered over their faces, soaked in mud which stank from the decayed flesh it was mixed with; sodden with lack of sleep; nerves on edge and on the verge of breaking —and this for days and sometimes weeks on end. And above ground, an unutterable desolation, a churned-up bog of shell-holes, rotten with poison gas, dotted with corpses, where every step was a physical labour, and an interminable hail of death mowed men down by squads and companies. It is recorded that a highly placed British General, visiting the front for the first time after the battle had already raged for four months, grew increasingly uneasy as his car approached the swamp-like edges of the battle area, and finally burst into tears, crying, "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?" To which his companion replied that the ground was far worse ahead. Or think of the German regiments, advancing in close order toward the great fortress of Verdun, cut down like grass by traversing machine guns and field pieces firing over open sights, so that out of a regiment ten might survive, grievously wounded. Or again, consider the plight of children systematically starved by the blockade, so that their young bodies, bloated by malnutrition, could never wholly recover. Or, perhaps hardest of all to contemplate, a mother, sitting at home by the fireside, years after the war was won and all the shouting over, thinking of her four sons—three killed, and the fourth, blind, slowly coughing his life out because his gas mask

was torn or defective. There are many such mothers in every land.

That is the price, multiplied many thousands of times, which we pay for the nobility of war, its heroism, its thrill and panoply and excitement. Who is so callous that he thinks the price is not too much to pay? Who can believe that the Lord Christ, the Prince of Peace, blesses such carnage? Yet none of the Christian nations turned its back on war because it was contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. More than that, in some Christian nations the priests stood shoulder to shoulder with the men in the trenches, and in every country the Church egged men on to prosecute a righteous war and consummate the will of God. It seems like madness to most of us, as we look back on it. Yet who can say it may not happen again tomorrow? And if it does, what should our attitude, as Christians, be?

There are two questions which must be separately dealt with: first, what attitude shall the Christian take toward war in general; and, second, what is his individual duty in the event that his nation engages in a war?

The Lambeth Conference affirmed that "war as a method of settling international disputes is incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ." There can be no quarrel with that statement. There is no doubt that a solemn obligation is laid on us to further world peace by every means in our power, by helping to establish a system of arbitration and a world court with international police powers; by encouraging disarmament; by fostering a spirit of understanding and friendly coöperation between people of different nations and races; by pointing out the economic futility of war, as well as its sin and tragedy; above all, by constant prayer that a clean heart and a right spirit may be vouchsafed to those who guide the destinies of nations. But when we have done all this, as far as it is in our power, there may still be wars; and some of them (and this is important to remember) may be in measure justified as being the lesser of two evils in a given crisis. After all, a life sentence in prison, or an economic and social discrimination against other races, is incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord. Yet I cannot think that

good would come from abolishing all prisons and encouraging our children to marry into other racial stocks. So I believe that when arbitration has failed, and treaties have been disregarded, it may be relatively right, as the lesser of two evils, to fight for the preservation of our integrity and our culture against, let us say, a Bolshevist invasion. There are things worth fighting for—worth dying for—and we dare not deliver our children to the tender mercy of barbarians. Ultimately, that is what out-and-out pacifism must lead to. Until the whole world is Christian, we must protect those who look to us for safety, from the avarice and lust and cruelty of any godless power that might attack them.

Now what of the individual? How shall he act when his country declares war? I cannot speak *ex cathedra,* nor do I rest on any authority. My opinion is simply personal, and liable to error. But certain things seem clear to me.

In the first place, I do not think the individual can escape the burden of a personal decision as to the merits of the particular war. There can be no righteous war. Yet a nation may be forced into war, as an individual may be forced to knock down and possibly kill a man who attempts to assault his daughter. But each person must decide on the facts, as he can learn them. If it seems right for him to take arms, let him do so; if it seems wrong, then let him pay whatever penalty the state exacts of the conscientious objector.

As for the Church, I think she should rarely, if ever, give her official sanction to a war, though there may be times when she can clearly denounce a war of greed or aggression. Certainly there should be no more blessing of guns and warships and regiments and flags, such as disgraced the clergy on both sides in the last conflict. Her kingdom is not of this world; every war is a civil war for the Church, since her children are fighting each other. So she must be free to minister to the torn bodies and shattered souls of all men everywhere; and she must respect liberty of conscience in a matter so complex and difficult that no solution can be fully right. At the very least the pacifist and the soldier in uniform must be able to kneel

together at her altars without one or the other feeling that he is an outcast or a traitor to his Lord.

Finally, we must look forward with prayerful definiteness to that one condition which alone can outlaw war—that is, the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth. Our Lord prays that "they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee." How shall this come to pass? The first step is the conversion of the individual—not simply a turning from vice to respectability, or from a pale humanitarian agnosticism to an equally pale and self-centered church-going—but a conversion which, through the power of the Holy Spirit, both cleanses a man's heart and sets it on fire with love for God and man.

The next step is missionary zeal—not just contributing money to the missionary effort of the Church, but witnessing in your own home, in school and office and shop, to the power and beauty of the Lord Christ, with a willingness to give your life for Him if need be.

The last step is the rousing of a corporate Christian conscience, so that the Church may join together as one man to make war on injustice, greed, cynicism, oppression, cruelty, wherever they may be found. If the Church should take this challenge seriously there would be plenty of martyrs in our so-called Christian countries, and those states which clung to their ancient hypocrisies would soon find out the mettle of the legions of the Kingdom of God. And out of that would grow an internationalism, founded on love—a world-wide Christian brotherhood, presenting a united front to the forces of evil.

"How long, O Lord, how long?" Remember our dead. It was for this they died. No sufferer on the fields of Flanders or of France could feel content with a mere victory of arms. It was peace they longed for—a lasting Christian peace which makes no peace with evil.

To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
*In Flanders fields.**

* Lt. Col. John McCrae, *In Flanders Fields.*

Father Huntington and a Vocation

JAMES Otis Sargent Huntington, the revered and saintly Father Founder of the Order of the Holy Cross was called to his eternal reward on June 29th, the feast of SS Peter and Paul.

The copy of *The Living Church* which a week later brought me the first word of his death reproduced a picture of the Father taken last year at Adelynrood, South Byfield, Massachusetts, where he had just conducted a retreat for the Society of the Companions of the Holy Cross, of which he was chaplain. What memories that picture called to mind! For it was at Adelynrood that I had first seen him when I was a small and irrepressible boy. The circumstances of that meeting were rather amusing.

My first Boynton ancestor in this country, sailed from England in the third decade of the seventeenth century and, landing in Newbury Oldtown on the Parker River, built for himself and his growing family a large farmhouse in that part of Newbury which has since come to be known as South Byfield, and where there was later established in the old Governor Dummer mansion the first academy for boys in the American colonies. A few years later the son of William Boynton, on his marriage, built for himself nearby another large and comfortable house with cavernous chimneys and many fireplaces. The first of these houses eventually passed into the ownership of Dummer Academy and, until it was burned to the ground sometime about 1914, was used as a dormitory for the boys in term, and rented for the summer months to a group of Churchwomen known as the Society of the Companions of the Holy Cross, who christened the place Adelynrood.

The other house, a quarter of a mile or so down the Newburyport road, remained in the Boynton family through the years and, when I was a child, was occupied during the summer by Mr E. Moody Boynton, an eccentric kinsman of my grandmother. It was to that house and a large pine grove nearby that from time to time the Boynton clan was wont to come from all over the country-side and beyond for a day's outing

and "family gathering," as it was called. It was to such a gathering that I was once dragged as a small boy by my grandmother and mother and a maiden aunt. The Boyntons were not new to me. It had been given to me as a middle name. My grandmother's family photograph album had introduced me to numerous great-aunt Hannahs and great-uncle Josiahs, and they or their counterparts were always predominant at the family gatherings at South Byfield and added a decidedly elderly flavour to the festivities at the "new" house.

But neither the mild Episcopalianism of my mother, nor the New England Congregationalism of my father's side of the family, had prepared me for the sight of women running about in veils and white caps under the elms of the nearby ancestral seat. And when I observed a man in a white robe coming from the little chapel and passing by me my curiosity and excitement got the best of my manners, and I exclaimed loudly, "Oh, mother, do look at that *funny* old man walking around in his bathrobe!" My mother promptly hushed me up, and my maiden aunt openly voiced the opinion that they were all "a pack of fools," but my grandmother who was always a friendly and tolerant soul observed that whatever one might think about some of the women, the old gentleman looked very kind and that it was nobody's business but his own if he wished to dress that way in public. God rest her dear soul and the souls of all of them, for they have now all passed from this world. I shall never forget that years later, when I visited my grandmother for the first time in the habit of a Cowley Father, she never batted an eye or acted in any way as though she thought anything unusual had happened in the life of one who must often have seemed to her a very puzzling grandchild.

That was my first glimpse of Father Huntington, for, though I did not know his identity until a few years later, it was he who passed by me that day and smiled at my boyish impudence. He was the first priest of the Church that I ever remember of seeing, and I have often thought of that brief meeting. Was it sowing of the seed of vocation in a boy's heart? God alone knows.

Adelynrood continued to figure in my youthful experiences. It was only four miles from my home and, though I foreswore Boynton family gatherings as I grew older, I often cycled through South Byfield and past Adelynrood and wondered what it was all about! I must have been fourteen or fifteen when a friend, one of my teachers in school, suggested that I go over to South Byfield one evening and meet a priest who was conducting a retreat for the ladies of Adelynrood. That priest was Father Powell of the Society of St John the Evangelist, and he invited me to come over for supper the following evening. We ate in the Dummer commons and afterwards, before the evening meditation in chapel, took a walk through the savins and sweet fern of the pasture uplands to a spot* where the ground fell away to the Parker River, in the fading light of the day a ribbon of silver winding through the salt marshes. There we stopped, and the Father talked of vocation and the priesthood and the dedicated life, and I recalled the memory of that other priest I had once seen at Adelynrood and thought on the beauty and strength of his countenance.

When I was sixteen I was confirmed, and by then I was quite firmly convinced that God was calling me to the priesthood and the religious life. Visits to the Cowley Fathers and the Church of St John the Evangelist in Boston strengthened this conviction. A few years later, in my parish church, we had a fortnight's mission conducted by Father Huntington and another Holy Cross Father. I was deeply stirred by the mission and by Father Huntington's preaching and still have with me the notes of his sermons which I then took down in longhand. I became interested in Holy Cross and would have liked to visit the Monastery at West Park, but it was far away, and the Cowley Fathers were nearer home, and so it was to the Society of St John the Evangelist that in time I came to test my vocation, after service in France during the Great War.

In the years I have been in the Society I have not met Father Huntington a great many times, and yet the few meetings have

* It is thereabouts that the new and much larger Adelynrood has been built since the destruction of the old house by fire.

always been of interest and inspiration to me. When I was a novice at the Mission House in Boston I once saw him coming down the steep slope of Bowdoin Street to St John's, his black habit and cloak whipped up by the wind, while he steadied his steps with a long wooden staff he had picked up somewhere—an awesome figure reminding one of the prophet Elijah, or some holy hermit of old—and I answered the doorbell and timidly let him in to make a call on one of our Fathers.

During the four years I was at St Mary's in New York he was a more frequent visitor. It was his custom, whenever he had engagements in the city, to live at the Harvard Club of which he was a member. The club was only a few blocks away from St Mary's, and the Father would often come there to hear the confessions of those under his direction. Going down into the church in the early morning soon after the doors were opened, I would often find him there on his knees in the dimness of the Lady Chapel, praying before the Tabernacle and waiting for the first Mass of the day. An altar would be offered to him, but, unless he had made special arrangements the previous evening for celebrating Mass at St Mary's, he always preferred to make his communions alongside the others at the appointed parish Mass.

He nearly always came to our Candlemas Day celebrations at St Mary's, which we observed with a Solemn Mass for the intention of the religious communities of the American Church and which were attended by many religious and friends and associates of the communities. On these occasions the Holy Cross Fathers and the Franciscans stayed for luncheon with our community at St Mary's House, and it was always a special joy to have Father Huntington with us at those times. Physically, he was fast ageing, but the freshness of his mind and modernity of his interests and intellectual outlook never ceased to make us marvel. He had a keen wit and a never-failing fund of amusing stories and anecdotes and apt quotations.

In November of 1934, he celebrated the golden jubilee of his profession in holy religion and the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Order of the Holy Cross.

In June he went in St Luke's Hospital in New York for a surgical operation. He had been invited to conduct the annual retreat for our Society at Cambridge in July. As I write these lines, I have before me a letter which he sent to our Father Superior on St Barnabas' Day, expressing his regret that the engagement had to be cancelled. "You will, I am sure," he wrote, "understand how deeply I regret failing you, at this late hour, in asking you to release me from my engagement to conduct the retreat of your community next month. I have had it constantly in mind, and have done much in the way of preparation. I have made out schedules for the first ten addresses. I can only hope that whoever takes my place may be far more helpful than I should have been. . . . I expect the surgical operation next Thursday. . . . I shall be grateful for any prayers said on my behalf. . . . Let come what will come. God's Will be welcome!"

On the feast of the Holy Apostles, God called His servant home. A few days later his body was borne across the way to the Cathedral of St John the Divine and placed in the midst of the great choir, and the Primate of the American Church offered the solemn requiem. In that same spot I had been ordained to the diaconate and the sacred priesthood. And now there lay before the same altar all that was mortal of that holy priest I had first seen so many years before at Adelynrood—"the most beloved priest in the American Church," as he had so often been called.

Others have written and spoken of his life and work far more eloquently than I can. I wish only to pay here in these pages this simple tribute to the memory of one who has long been an influence and source of inspiration to me, as he doubtless was to countless others. One's first thought is that the Church in America is poorer for his passing; but that is really not so. Indeed, it is far richer, for we have another saint, who will be a burning and shining light to future generations. Were not his last words on earth the words of a saint?

"I know that I am not going to get well.
I want everybody to know that I care—
That I shall always care—
That I love them, and will always love them—
That I am lifting up hands of intercession in prayer for them,
And will always intercede for them."

Such words remind one of the promises of little Thérèse of Lisieux: "I will spend my heaven doing good upon earth."

There are some who would deny us the Catholic name and heritage and would assert that the Anglican Communion is unable to produce the religious life and saints. James Huntington is one more reply to that particular form of detraction. His tomb beneath the high altar of the monastery church at Holy Cross will become one of the most sacred shrines of the American Church. What miracles of grace and healing may we not expect to be wrought there through the prayers of him who—like blessed Francis and Dominic and Ignatius of Loyola and Richard Meux Benson—increased Christ's Church with a new offspring; who went up and down our land preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Church; who influenced and guided and led many souls to God; and who—now that he has entered into Paradise—has promised that he will "always care" and "always love" and "always intercede" for those whom he has known and loved and cared for here on earth. And they are legion!

May God give us all grace to persevere in our vocation as he did. *Lux aeterna luceat ei, Domine, cum sanctis tuis in aeternum.*

Sancte Jacobe, ora pro nobis!

Oliver B. Dale, S.S.J.E.

A Master of the Spiritual Life

IN the early stages of the life of prayer—the stage of petition, intercession and frequent spiritual consolations—the way is often delectable and easy, but as soon as the path reaches the more arid and desolate regions, commonly described as the "dark night of the soul," before it reaches the final stage of peace in the perfect contemplation of God, the soul, whose destiny is to come to God through contemplation, becomes bewildered, timid and halting. It is the stage of purification through which all contemplatives must pass, although with varying degrees of intensity. It is the stripping of the soul of every vestige of self, and sometimes the mental suffering is so acute that the soul doubts its own sanity. Here some very perplexing problems arise: How shall the soul conduct itself during this earthly purgatory? What forms of prayer shall it use? When shall it cease meditating? and the like.

The late Dom John Chapman, fourth Abbot of Downside, that well-known English Benedictine Abbey, famed for its scholarship and for the deep spirituality of its monks, proved himself a master in guiding souls through the difficult stages of their prayer life. Fortunately, for us, a great deal of his spiritual advice was given through letters to his many friends both in religion and in the world, and we are deeply indebted to his literary executor, Dom Roger Hudleston of the same Abbey, for his painstaking search in locating and collecting these letters after Dom Chapman's death in 1932 and giving them to us in book form.* In editing these letters Dom Hudleston has very carefully grouped and arranged them, wherever possible, in chronological order so that we get the progressive development of individual problems and Dom Chapman's treatment of them. The book is divided into three sections: the first, Letters to Lay Folk; the second, Letters to Religious; and the third section, Letters to a Jesuit—these latter being separated from other letters to religious because of their exceptional merit. They cover a period of twelve years and deal with the scholastic

* *The Spiritual Letters of Dom John Chapman.* Edited with an Introductory Memoir by Dom Roger Hudleston, O.S.B., New York, Sheed & Ward, 1935. $3.00.

difficulties of a young Jesuit up to the time of his ordination. In several letters reference is made to a leaflet entitled, "Contemplative Prayer." In its original form this was a letter (No. XLIII) written "To an Augustinian Canoness." Because the ideas contained in it were found helpful to many it was revised and printed in leaflet form. In editing "The Spiritual Letters of Dom John Chapman," Dom Hudleston has included a copy of this leaflet as "Appendix I." Readers of COWLEY will note that this was reprinted in the Summer 1935 issue of that Magazine under the title "Contemplative Prayer."*

The value of Dom Chapman's letters lie not in the originality of his advice but rather in his uniqueness of expression. If we search through St John of the Cross, St Teresa, *The Cloud of Unknowing,* Hilton's *Scale of Perfection,* Fr Baker's *Holy Wisdom* and other recognized authorities on the advanced stages of prayer and the contemplative life we find similar advice, but Dom Chapman was a man of this generation, and these are intimate letters to men and women of our own time. Written spontaneously as occasions arose, and without any thought of their being published, they pulsate with the problems of those struggling for perfection, *hic et nunc*—saints in the making—sharers of the life of God.

The letters represent the cumulative teaching of his rich Catholic heritage rather than any individual and untried ideas. For example, his repeated and insistent advice that each soul "abandon" his will to God's Will and thus actively participate, moment by moment, in furthering God's ultimate perfection of that soul by its accepting and willing everything that comes to it as God's Will, is based on what de Caussade calls "The Sacrament of the present moment." In his first group of sixteen letters addressed to "One living in the world" he writes,

* NOTE: The Editor wishes here to make an apology for printing the above-mentioned article in COWLEY without first obtaining the permission of Dom Chapman's literary executor. A manuscript of the article on contemplative prayer had been in his possession for a number of years, but he had not realized at the time that it had also been printed in pamphlet form in England and was also about to be republished in the volume of Dom Chapman's *Spiritual Letters.*

"The only thing is to accept all the circumstances of one's life, and all the effect they seem to produce upon one, and use them as means of annihilating one's own will, cheerfully and willingly. There is no other recipe for prayer, I think." Numerous other quotations could be cited.

These letters show those of us who are striving to attain God through contemplation that our struggles and temptations are not isolated experiences but necessary purgations preparatory to making us, individually and corporatively, one in will with the Will of God and, thus purified, capable of furthering the redemption of the world by our union with God in contemplation and self-abnegation. How illuminating is his evaluation of contemplative prayer. He says in one letter, "But prayer, in the sense of union with God, is the most crucifying thing there is. One must do it for God's sake; but one will not get any satisfaction out of it, in the sense of feeling 'I am good at Prayer,' 'I have an infallible method.' That would be disastrous, since what we want to learn is precisely our own weakness, powerlessness, unworthiness. Nor ought one to expect 'a sense of the reality of the supernatural' of which you speak. And one should wish for no prayer, except precisely the prayer that God gives us—probably very distracted and unsatisfactory in every way!" In another letter he says of contemplative prayer, "It is the prayer of *stripping;* in which all our natural powers are useless, all pleasure is renounced, and we remain naked before God."

So far, the writer has emphasized Dom Chapman's advice to those who feel drawn to contemplation, because good practical advice on this subject is so often difficult to find. Much other excellent advice, however, is given to various problems which confront a Christian who earnestly seeks to live an interior life. To a religious he writes, "There is a danger of 'devout people' living for themselves instead of living for others. In prayer, of course, your own soul (the point of it) and God are enough; but outside prayer, charity to our neighbor is the whole of virtue, and includes everything." The temptation is to go on repeating quotation after quotation, but the most sincere tribute

we can pay Dom Chapman is to recommend this volume of his Letters heartily to all who have reached that stage in the Christian way where they can be helped and profit by them. And we are sincerely grateful to Dom Hudleston for giving us a fresh opportunity to partake in the communion of saints. For who but the saints are better qualified to help us bear the burdens along the path which leads to Christian perfection and the beatific vision?

J. V. W.

A Meditation before Mass

THOU bidd'st us come, so now we gather here,
Longing for life, where death claims all we see;
Our homes, our loved ones, and our fear-torn selves,
Who lift, O God, our dying hearts to Thee.

For here death reigns in all that meets the eye,
Part of a fading past is all we own—
This temple, where we meet, by hands now dust,
Was hewn from long-dead trees and lifeless stone.

The altar shines with glimmering radiance,
Yet thereon see we nought that is alive,
As flickering tapers burn the waxen hoard,
Garnered by vanished legions of the hive.

These flowers, so lovely, never shall bear seed,
For reft from life are they, soon must they fade—
Incense must turn to ash, while prayer and praise,
As savour sweet, shall unto Heaven be made.

Within a bowl, fashioned by fire, we cast
The frozen fruit of our dead yesterday—
Plucked by our toil, and offered unto Thee.
Despise not it, nor us, O God, we pray!

Here, too, we bring our bread, purged by the flames
Of all its wheaten life, that it may shrine
Eternal Life for us, who wait Thy Word,
The Word which framed the world and makes it Thine.

And when into the cup we pour our wine—
Which would not be had not the vine's life died—
May it become to arid souls a flood,
Requickening all with its life-giving tide.

When in the crimson content of the cup
Some crystal water we incarminate,
Mortal, as all our acts, is this; for lo!
A world of lowly life we immolate.

Lord Jesus, Conqueror of death, may we
Know that Thou binds't us, when with faith, we take
Thy very Self into our being's core,
With bonds of life, death hath not power to break.

And from this altar may we then arise,
Released from doubt and fear, victors with Thee;
Rapt to Thy Kingdom, where we may, for aye,
With eyes of faith Thy deathless glory see.

JOSEPHINE PARKS

Church of St John the Evangelist, Boston.

In Memoriam

Father Tovey, S.S.J.E.

OF your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of Albert Edward Tovey, Priest of the Society of St John the Evangelist, who died at the Mission House, Oxford, on August 3, 1935, in the eightieth year of his age and on the fortieth anniversary of his Profession.

It was on August the 3rd, 1895, that Fr Tovey took his vow to serve God to the end of his life in Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. That he should pass to his rest on that same day forty years later gives to his life a suggestion of completeness, of probation fulfilled, which those who knew him best can only think upon with thankfulness. In the same year in which he made his Profession he was sent to work at Poona. Three years later the death of the Headmaster of St Peter's European School at Mazagon made it necessary to bring Fr Tovey down to Bombay to take charge of the school, a work for which he was well fitted. St Peter's School has passed through many vicissitudes, and more than once has been very near to extinction. Fr Tovey's task was peculiarly difficult at that time, as the plague was raging in Bombay. All who could, fled from the City; it was no place to send children to. After six years the School was temporarily closed, and Fr Tovey was transferred to America, where he made many friends. He had a great affection and admiration for the Americans. In 1911, seven years later, Fr Tovey returned to Bombay to resume his work as headmaster of St Peter's School. In 1920 he was ordered home by the doctors. As he was carried on board many wondered whether he would survive the voyage. However, as he used to tell us afterwards, his strength revived and it fell to him before the end of the voyage to bury the ship's doctor. The last year of his life, when he was suffering from the painful and distressing disease which ended his life, made great demands on patience, faith and courage. All who knew him rejoiced to see in him the work of grace which gave to one not naturally patient, a spirit of uncomplaining cheerful endurance up to the very end. He was a Doctor of Science in the University of

London. He had the keen accurate mind of a scientist and the heart of a child. His delight in little children and their delight in him was one of mutual understanding. They would crowd 'round the gate of the Mission House at Mazagon to escort him across the compound to the school; they would assemble by the road at Khandala when he was expected to come up from the railway station. When other Fathers came in his place they would be greeted with warm affection and impartially addressed as Father Tubby. In Oxford he continued his teaching in the Day Schools as long as he had voice and strength. All through his illness the gifts of flowers from his 'lambs' continued to come up to the day of his death, and were received by him with unfailing delight. His theology was based on the continual study of the *Summa*. We used to say that St Thomas and Dickens were the only two authors he read. His accurate scientific grasp of theology and his gift of shrewd and humourous illustration gave a unique quality to his preaching. When he could no longer speak, after the operation on his throat, he devoted his time to writing out a course of sermons. These have been appearing in the *Cowley Evangelist* during this year. The course was not completed but there are still two more sermons to come, which will, I hope, appear in the October and November issues of the magazine.

May he rest in peace. Amen.

From *The Cowley Evangelist,* September, 1935.

Bishop Booth

OF your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the Right Reverend Samuel Babcock Booth, fifth bishop of Vermont, who entered in eternal life on June 17th, 1935.

Sam Booth came to see me at Cowley one afternoon in 1908. May God bless our friend who brought him into my life. We had overlapped one year at Harvard, but had not known each other. When we met he was a student of the Virginia Theological Seminary; I was a novice at Cowley. We met in the church. We prayed together. Thus our friendship was begun and consecrated.

From that day to this I have been with him, whenever possible, in God's House for prayer. He smiled as he prayed, and he continued to worship as he laughed with his friends. His prayer life however was not always on the Mount of Transfiguration. The human suffering at the foot of the mountain and the little faith of the disciples caused the anguish of soul in him that made the long grey lines in his face and exhausted his body.

When, three days before his death, I reached the Bennington Hospital I found the smile still in his eyes, but the furrows of sorrow of soul had deepened in his face. He was literally "tired to death." He gripped my hand with a friendship that had grown steadily for twenty-seven years, but he did not speak of the past. There was no "Don't you remember?" He spoke of God and his own need of prayer to sustain him and make him well again to minister to the spiritual needs of his people. Here lay a bishop, a pastor, a man of God. "The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."

Before dawn the next morning I was called to carry to him the Blessed Sacrament. Of course he had made his communion only the day before; he had also made his confession and had been anointed, but he asked for the Blessed Sacrament again. By the time I reached his bedside he was unconscious, and it seemed impossible for him even to swallow the Host. However I said the communion devotions distinctly into his ear. Still no sign of consciousness. I realized I must rouse him or quietly take the Sacrament back to the tabernacle.

"Here is the Blessed Sacrament, Bishop," I said. His eyes opened, the old smile came, he crossed himself with a hand so wasted that it seemed as if his heavy episcopal ring would slip off, and his lips formed the words distinctly, "That is good."

He received a tiny particle of the Host. His wife received the remainder. "Mrs Booth has made her communion with you," I told him. "That is very good," he whispered and closed his eyes.

Was it not our Lord saying of his life, "That is good—that is very good"? May he rest in peace.

Spence Burton, S.S.J.E.

Community Notes

CAMBRIDGE

DURING the month of June, Fr Hoffman conducted community retreats for the Sisters of the Transfiguration at Glendale, Ohio, and for the Sisters of St John Baptist at Ralston, New Jersey. He also visited Margaret Hall at Versailles, Kentucky, under the care of the Sisters of St Anne, and conducted a two-day retreat for their associates.

✠

THE Father Superior visited Hoosac School for its graduation exercises and made an address before the School.

✠

THE Father Superior, Fr Williams, and Fr Otis had the privilege of celebrating Mass at the Cathedral of St John the Divine, New York City, in the presence of the body of Fr James O. S. Huntington, Founder of the Order of the Holy Cross; and later five members of our Society attended the solemn Requiem, at which Dr Perry, the Presiding Bishop of the American Church, was the celebrant. Fr Burton read the Epistle.

✠

THE annual retreat of the Society was held at St Francis' House from July 8th to July 20th. Fr Huntington, of the Order of the Holy Cross, had promised to conduct the retreat for us; and on the day he went into hospital, he wrote us a letter of genuine regret that he could not be with us, telling us that it had been on his mind and that several of the addresses were already prepared. Two weeks later the Church was shocked by the news of his death. The Father Superior was fortunately able to secure Fr Williams to conduct the community retreat.

✠

ON Friday morning, July 19th, three of our postulants were clothed as novices. Beverly Carl McGill, John Tunis Gilchrist, and Charles Johnstone Rough, will now be known as Brother Carl, Brother John Stephen, and Brother Charles.

On Saturday, July 20th, the Reverend Earle Hewitt Maddux, priest and novice, was admitted to first annual vows.

✠

We have had a steady stream of visitors during the summer at St Francis' House. Of special interest to us were the visits of the Reverend Père Juste, a native priest of Haiti; and the Reverend G. H. Maidment, of Buchans, Newfoundland. Both these good priests are associates of our Society, and we rejoice that they found it possible to visit the Mother House.

NEW YORK

THE summer months are an unusually busy season for the Society in and through St Mary's House. The Divine Office and the other daily community exercises go on as usual. A steady stream of applications for missionary and educational counsel is received. Penitents on holiday want to make their confessions at off-hours. Students at the "summer sessions" apply for confirmation, or advice as to vocation for the priesthood. Aspirants for the Religious Life ask for guidance in approaching the various communities. As the climate assumes its characteristically tropical heat and humidity, the vitality and intensity of the priestly and pastoral ministrations also rise at St Mary's. In addition to the summer activities of the parish itself, two of the Brethren are carrying on the Divine Office, and sharing in the life and work of St Mary's Summer Home at Keyport, New Jersey. This is really an intensive teaching mission, one of the most beloved and blessed enterprises of the Church of St Mary the Virgin. For the summer months, the brethren at St Mary's House and its neighborhood may not be able to report many winds or earthquakes or fires; we can testify to the still small voice of the Holy Spirit speaking and working in the hearts and lives of very many of God's children here.

✠

During the summer months we have had most welcome visits from the Father Superior and from Fr Serson and Br Edward. Fr Hawkes, of the Canadian Province, has been temporarily

on the staff of St Mary's Church for several of the summer months during which some of the regular staff have been away. These visiting brethren greatly help to strengthen the spiritual ties of St Mary's House, and St Mary's Church, with the other houses and works of the Society.

BRACEBRIDGE

THE Lord Bishop of Algoma on August 25th raised to the priesthood Brother Richard James Morley. The ceremony took place in the Collegiate Church of St John at Bracebridge. The sermon was preached by the Reverend Hamilton Mockridge of All Hallows, Toronto. The Reverend Norman Post was raised to the priesthood at the same time. The church was filled with people. The community met the bishop and accompanied him into the church singing the traditional anthems. The Archdeacon of Muskoka presented the candidates. After the *Veni Creator* their hands were anointed and bound. After the bishop had laid on his hands, the priests present came up severally and laid on hands. Then the new priests were vested in their chasubles and the instruments of their office, the Bible and the holy vessels, were given to them. They said the rest of the Mass with the bishop. After the blessing the bishop delivered to them their letters of orders and licenses. Many of the people came to receive the first blessing of the new priests.

Fr Morley came to us as a Brother. He had been a lawyer. He spent three years at St Mary's House, New York, while attending the General Theological Seminary.

✠

DURING the bishop's visitation he confirmed sixty-one candidates in our missions.

✠

TWO camps for boys from Toronto parishes have been held during the summer at the Mission House. Our camp buildings make it possible for them to have a happy time without interfering with our life and work. These boys would not otherwise

have had any trip to the country. Each day they came to the chapel and sang a short form of Vespers. We have had many other guests staying in the house.

✠

For some time now we have been able to keep up a daily sung Evensong. So far as we know it is the only one in Canada. We also have a high Mass on all Saturdays and festivals. On Sunday we are too much scattered, caring for our missions, to have a sung Mass. On Saturday the Sisters of St Margaret and our community make a corporate communion on behalf of our work.

✠

New churches or chapels are being built at Clear Lake, Lewisham, St Bartholomew's and Birchfields. A start will soon be made on a church for Holy Cross. Alan's Corners is talking of building. These buildings are paid for almost entirely by the people. They draw the logs out in the winter for their construction.

✠

Father Rose is lecturing at the Gregorian Association meetings in Toronto. The Father Provincial gave a course on rural work at the Albany Summer School. Father Serson conducted a retreat for ordination candidates at the Mission House before the Trinity ordinations.

✠

The Sisters of St Margaret have been very busy this summer. They have done a great deal of work for the sick and poor in the missions and have helped instruct the confirmation candidates. Due to their visiting, an old mission closed up twenty years ago is coming to life, St John's, Stoneleigh. They have entertained a great many guests who came for rest and quiet.

✠

During the summer months the Sisters of St John the Divine, who have a summer home near to our northern missions, have given valuable help by doing two full days visiting each week while they were in residence.

YOUR prayers are asked for the happy repose of the soul of Mrs Anne Palmer, mother of the Father Provincial. Soon after the Fathers came to Bracebridge, Mrs Palmer bought a place near the Mission House and has taken great interest in our work. After a long illness she died on September 2nd. Following a solemn requiem in the Fathers' church at Bracebridge, the burial took place in the churchyard. May she rest in peace. Amen.

SAN FRANCISCO

DURING September we have had a happy visit from the Father Superior, Bro. Edward George, and Mr Reed Russell from Cambridge. They spent three weeks with the brethren here at San Francisco and then motored back across the country to St Francis' House.

✠

THE Father Superior preached to us at High Mass on two Sundays, one of them being the feast of the Nativity of our Lady, and also conducted a Quiet Day for men which was well attended by laymen from the Church of the Advent and other parishes, a group of seminarians from the Divinity School of the Pacific, and several priests of the diocese. An effort is being made to have more exercises of this kind in this part of the country and thus further the work of the retreat movement.

✠

GRATEFUL acknowledgment is made to the following named friends who have to date sent us subscriptions for the building fund of St Cyprian's Mission, for which we made a special appeal in the summer number of COWLEY.

Attwood, Rev. J. W.	$ 6.00	Mason, Mr James	$ 5.00
Green, Rev. O. F.	5.00	Pierce, Mrs Mary	1.00
Hall, Mrs D. P.	2.00	Ricker, Miss Christine	10.00
Hill, Rev. Chester	4.00	Ross, Mrs Tillie	100.00
Hodgkin, Ven. W. R. H.	10.00	Sharp, Mrs F. D.	9.00
Jackson, Mrs W. T.	5.00	St Cyprian's Mission	88.00
Kip, Mr W. B. V.	200.00	S.S.J.E., San Francisco	25.00
Kitson, Mr Arthur	1.00	Strong, Miss Bertha F.	5.00
Lee, Mr Frederic M.	5.00	Sutphen, Mrs John S.	25.00
Wu, Rev. D. G. C.	$ 1.00		

One of the members of the Fellowship of St John, now living in Paraguay, writes: "I am enclosing a check, very small, but all I can give at the moment. It seemed a good thing to give in memory of a coloured man we had in our family for over twenty-five years. He was one of the first people to see me when I was born, and he cared for me until I was married when he drove our car to the church. He was a deacon in his little chapel and very earnest indeed. I am glad to honour him in this way."

✠

The appeal has not, however, brought us as large a response as we had hoped for; and we have not enough money in hand yet to begin the work of remodelling the old house into the new St Cyprian's Church according to the plans published in the summer Cowley. We cannot expect to sign a contract for the work until we have at least another thousand dollars in sight. Who will help us to raise that? It is not so much several large contributions that we ask for, as a large number of small ones representing many prayers and acts of sacrifice.

TOKYO

THE first postulant of the Province of the Far East was received by the Father Provincial on July 10th after None. He is Mr Mark Masashi Nuki, the son of a priest of the diocese of Kyushu.

✠

During August the Father Provincial is supplying the early celebrations at St Andrew's Church (English Mission) in the absence of the Chaplain.

✠

Father Viall conducted a Quiet Day for the Women's Guild of Christ Church, Yokohama, May 30th.

✠

On May 20th, Father Sakurai gave an address on the Religious Life before a meeting of the Foreign Woman's Auxiliary of Kyoto at the home of Bishop Nichols.

OUR Society was represented by Fr Sakurai at the consecration of the Right Reverend Paul S. Sasaki, as Bishop of Mid-Japan on St James' Day, July 25th, in Nagoya, the see city.

✤

EVERY other week Fr Sakurai has been giving an instruction on the Religious Life to the two Japanese postulants of the Sisters of the Community of the Epiphany at the Convent in Tokyo.

✤

FATHER Sakurai has had many years of experience as a translator. He is now exercising his talents on a translation of the Rule of Life of our Society and the Father Founder's Instructions on the Religious Life, both of which will be exceedingly useful in the training of novices in the Province.

✤

DURING the Spring Father Kimura, at the urgent request of Miss Ballard, now retired after many years service in the English Church Mission, gave a series of lectures on the Christian religion to a group of cultured women inquirers, among whom were the wife of an official of Manchukuo, the daughters of a Viscount, and the daughters of a former Minister to Russia and Poland.

✤

BOTH Fr Kimura and Fr Takeda have taken an active part in the work of St Andrew's Brotherhood in St Paul's University and Middle School, acting as Chaplains to some of the Chapters.

✤

FATHER Kimura has been in demand as a lecturer and preacher in North Tokyo and Tokyo dioceses. During May he gave a series of lectures on the Holy Catholic Church to the Institute of Sunday School Teachers of the diocese of Tokyo at All Saints' Church. He has preached and supplied services at Omiya, Urawa, Mejiro, Tsuchiura, Mito, and Oyama Churches in North Tokyo.

✤

FATHER Takeda has assisted in the Sunday School of Trinity Church, Tokyo, both at the regular sessions and also by special request of the Rector at the extension school held on Sunday evenings at the home of Mr Gauntlett, the organist and choirmaster.

FATHER Takeda acted as Chaplain of the St Andrew's Brother hood Camp held at Lake Yamanaka at the foot of Mount Fu from July 15th to July 20th. The whole community wa cordially invited by the Camp Director, Mr Paul Rusch, t attend the Camp. Fr Viall and Bro. Lewis were able to b present throughout the session, with Fr Takeda representin the Society.

✤

FATHER Takeda reports for our publication department tha after three issues of our quarterly, *Shushikwai Kiho,* the circu lation is approximately five hundred copies. Much interest ha been evidenced in it. Of special interest has been the Fathe Provincial's continued article on religious vocation, writte from the point of view of his own experience in holy religion which has assumed almost the position of a "serial thriller. A series of articles on prayer has been commended by severa readers. One Tokyo priest wrote that he read one of ther as a sermon to his congregation, and quotations have been mad from it in several parish papers. Fr Kimura's question bo affords an opportunity for the dissemination of practical wisdom Three books have so far been published. All publications ar in the name of the Society, no individual's name being attache to any book. The first book, a catechism, has already sold ove two thousand copies. The second, entitled *Meditations on th Mysteries of Christ,* has only recently been put on sale. Th third, the translation of Father Longridge's *Retreats for Lay men,* is just off the press. Fr Takeda is busy with plans fo its distribution. Although its price is 2 yen, it will be on sal for the first month to the friends of the Society at a 50% discount. Should any readers of COWLEY desire copies of ou Japanese publications we shall be glad to supply them. Sug gestions as to books for translation into Japanese will also b gratefully received. The Japanese are great readers, and ther seems a fertile field for the dissemination of good books on th faith and practice of the Catholic religion.

FOR lack of space, the second installment of Fr Field's "M Voyage to America" is held over for the Christmas numbe

The Fellowship of St John

THE Fellowship has for its object the binding into one association of work and prayer those who, while they give of their substance and their energy for the furtherance of the life and work of the Society of St John the Evangelist, desire to have their part in the prayers and other good works that are offered in the Society to Almighty God. The Fellowship is open to the laity, both men and women. The obligations are very simple, consisting mainly of daily prayer for the Society and its works; a regular annual contribution to the Society; and the reception of Holy Communion, with intention for the Society, on the patronal feast of St John *ante Portam Latinam* (May 6), or within the octave.

Further information may be obtained from the Warden-General of the Fellowship, the REVEREND FATHER DALE, S.S.J.E., 162 Hickory Street, San Francisco, California, or from the Fathers at any local House of the Society.

Associates S.S.J.E.

PRIESTS, and such laymen as desire to keep a rule of stricter obligations than that of the Fellowship, are admitted as Associates of the Society of St John the Evangelist, after a short period of probation. The particulars of membership may be obtained upon application to the REVEREND FATHER SUPERIOR, S.S.J.E., 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass., or to any Provincial Superior of the Society.

Requirements for Postulants

1. We require that those who come to test their vocations with us should bring a baptismal certificate and, in the case of laymen, two references from parish clergy.

2. They must be of sound health, and, if required, be able to furnish a certificate signed by a medical man.

3. They must be free from engagements of debt or marriage.

"As many as receive the Word of God become the sons of God by participation of His grace. It is on this grace of the divine call that we must rely for the accomplishment of any work that we undertake. No one,

therefore, can be eligible into our Society unless there be sufficient evidence that he has received a call from God to this life and work; nor is anyone to be rejected because some one particular gift may be wanting to him. God is abundantly able to supply every defect in those to whom His Word comes." *The Rule of Life, Ch. I.*

Those who come to test their vocations in the Religious Life must expect to perform cheerfully whatever duties are assigned to them, to be practised in bearing all kinds of humiliations and to be trained to live simply with the desire of the glory of God. Obedience, humility and fervour in prayer are the certain signs for which we look in every true vocation to the consecrated Life of the Evangelical Counsels.

Cowley Editorial Notices:

COWLEY is issued quarterly, at the four seasons. Unless otherwise instructed, all subscriptions are reckoned as beginning with the current number, and terminating with the fourth number following.

Copies of many of the earlier numbers can be furnished by the Secretary upon request.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Subscribers are particularly requested to send to the Secretary at Cambridge prompt notice of any permanent change of address.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION. Post free, $1. Single copies, 25 cents. All subscriptions for the Quarterly should be sent to the Secretary, S.S.J.E., 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass. Checks should be made payable to *The Society of St John the Evangelist.*

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS on subjects religious and missionary are invited for insertion in the pages of COWLEY, if suitable. All copy—papers, reviews, etc.—must be sent in a month before publication each quarter, i.e., not later than the twenty-fifth day of November, February, May and August. No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by stamped addressed envelope. Literary contributions, books for review and exchange publications should be sent to the Editor, *The Reverend Father Dale, S.S.J.E., 162 Hickory Street, San Francisco, California.*

General Information

CORRESPONDENCE for the Father Superior should be addressed to *St Francis' House,* 980 *Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.*

Donations and subscriptions for the works of the Society are thankfully received. Those designated for any work in the Home Province, or for the Province of the Far East, should be sent directly to the FATHER SUPERIOR, 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.

Contributions for the Society's work in the Pacific Province should be sent to the REVEREND FATHER DALE, S.S.J.E., Provincial Superior, 162 Hickory Street, San Francisco, California.

Contributions for the Society's work in the Canadian Province should be sent to the REVEREND FATHER PALMER, S.S.J.E., Provincial Superior, House of the Transfiguration, Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada.

The Cable Address of the Society in America is: EVANGELIST, BOSTON.

Guests are received at our several Houses for purposes of devotion and retreat. In order to assure prompt attention, applications should be addressed to the REVEREND FATHER GUESTMASTER, and not to individual Fathers.

Address all orders and communications concerning publications to: THE SECRETARY, S.S.J.E., 980 *Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.*

FORM OF BEQUEST

I GIVE, *devise and bequeath the sum of*..... *dollars to the Society of St John the Evangelist, a religious corporation duly organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and located at* 33 *Bowdoin Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

Christmas Cards

The Society is this year offering for the holy season a variety of distinctive cards hand-printed in colour from linoleum blocks.

The cards are being sold for the benefit of the Japanese Province of the Society.

5, 10 and 15 cents each,
or in assorted packets
(with envelopes to match)
at $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00

Postage 10% *additional*

Obtainable only from

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